

Lansburgh & Bro.

We are open evenings now until Christmas.

Sensible Presents
For Boys.

A much neglected person in most stores is the Boy, from 12 to 14 years. Very difficult is it to fit this person in the ordinary apparel.

We Make a Specialty
of These Goods

and can give almost anything in these sizes.

See these articles, which you cannot find everywhere:

White Dress Shirts.

In open front and back or closed fronts, best quality material, and best linen. Boys' sizes, 50c.

Fancy Dress Shirts.

In the newest colors and designs, same as are worn by the larger folks, made open front and back, reversible link cuffs separate. Boys' sizes, 75c.

Canton Flannel Drawers.

Best tailor-made, heaviest weight Canton, made knee-length for "Knickerbocker" Boys, best make. Boys' sizes, 39c.

Boys' Cuffs.

Exclusively cut for small size wrists, 4 ply linen. Size 8 to 9 1/2. 15c. pair.

Boys' Night Shirts.

Plain or fancy trimmed Muslin, good fitting. Sizes 12 to 14 yrs. 39c. each.

School Shirts.

Made with collars attached, best quality Madras or Cheviot, made with pockets and many colors to select from. Boys' sizes, 40c.

Blue Flannel.

Heavy and warm, for winter outdoor work, collars, cuffs, and pockets attached. Boys' sizes, 59c.

These are our Men's Department.

1st Floor, near Main Door.

GLOVES

for Christmas Presents.

Ladies' 2-clasp Kid Gloves, in tan, brown, made, white, and black, extra fine quality, for 98c.

Ladies' 4-button French Kid Gloves in tan, brown, red, and black—\$1.50 quality, for \$1.19.

Ladies' 3-clasp English Walking Gloves, in tan, brown, red, and black—Special—\$1.89.

We box all Christmas Presents for you, free of charge.

Lansburgh & Bro.

420, 422, 424, 426 7th St.

THE REVOLT OF
THE PARISIANSFrenchwomen No Longer
Submit to Hairdressers.

Their Hair Is Steadily Resuming Natural Straightness, and Curling Irons Are Abandoned.

In Paris, in spite of the efforts of the hairdressers, the locks of Frenchwomen are steadily resuming their natural straightness. This is not to be attributed to any want of skill on the part of the coiffeurs, but merely to the fact that Frenchwomen have rebelled against their dictates, and having lost a large proportion of their hair through the constant application of hot tongs, have now renounced the use. The wave has almost disappeared and the head has been allowed to resume its natural size.

A similar tendency is beginning to be seen here, and the power at work in favor of the emancipation of the wave is the same which has operated in France. Most of us are beginning to realize that our hair is getting into a horridly ragged condition, and unless we are numbered among the lucky ones whose tresses will wave without heat we feel that for many months to come it will need a rest. The hair should now be gathered up loosely on the crown of the head, and I very soon learned that it can easily be kept in place there by a strong tortoise-shell hairpin without the necessity of tying it, which nearly always results in wearing and breaking the hair. From the hair I wander down to the neck, and I must tell you of some new cravats. One of the prettiest I have seen is of crepe de chine, the hem showing a silken open work, known, I believe, as "hairpin" stitch. Others are exact models of a man's hunting stock, made in silk and fastened with a jeweled pin. These extend to the waist and look exceedingly well with tailor-made coats and skirts. The collar of linen, which turns over at the top, is still popular, but it shares its popularity with the collar of muslin knitted. There are, of course, a few women in the world who cannot wear the high collar, and for the benefit of these most picturesque of muslin and lace are arranged to turn down and form a small V in the front, and beneath these can be seen the crepe de chine necktie. Of the seven and more ordinary sort of neckties, the pink glass silk is the most in favor, and there are many new patterns pretty enough to justify their existence.

SOCIAL MISTAKES.

Perhaps one of the greatest and most universal is that of talking about oneself, and there is no personal pronoun of which the world gets so wearied as "I," spoken by the lips of others. This being the case, we should do well to recollect what a bore "I" is, and refrain from mentioning her as far as possible.

Another social folly is that of gushing, which, in plain English, is often but more insincerity, to actual falsehood. The gusher may at first make herself very acceptable to the infatuated ear of vanity, but even the most constituted of people generally have a few grains of common sense in their composition, by the aid of which they soon come to estimate at their true value exaggerated politeness or admiration and pretended affection.

There is a set of people who err as greatly as the gushers, but in quite an opposite direction. They are the "under the weather" set, who assume a manner of indifference and want of interest in everything and everybody. They seem to consider it bad form to exhibit any pleasure in life, and the height of bad breeding to be guilty of enthusiasm. They would probably apply the same terms of rebuke to an act of boldness as they would to a successful culinary effort of the preceding genius of the kitchen.

Perhaps the most annoying and vulgar of social mistakes is that of patronizing. Some people have a subtle, underhanded way of doing this, and it is unmistakable all the same. Now, if one is superior to one's neighbors, the way to show it is to be modest and good breeding, and certainly not to patronize those one comes in contact with. In fact, only snobs would either patronize or submit to be patronized.

SOME GERMAN SWEETS.

Candied Dainties Just Right for the Holidays.

Christmas Pastry.—Crush to a fine powder one pound of shelled and blanched hazel nuts, and stir to them five ounces sifted sugar, a pinch of vanilla powder, or a small piece of stick vanilla, crushed with the nuts, and work this all to a light paste with the whites of two well frothed eggs; rub a baking tin lightly over with white wax, and put this paste on it in any little shapes you choose, and bake in a hot oven.

Nut, or Almond, Cones.—Mix together your hands nine ounces finely shelled nuts or almonds, the same quantity of caster sugar, and stir to them five ounces sifted sugar, a pinch of vanilla powder, or a small piece of stick vanilla, crushed with the nuts, and work this all to a light paste with the whites of two well frothed eggs; rub a baking tin lightly over with white wax, and put this paste on it in any little shapes you choose, and bake in a hot oven.

Chocolate Macarons.—Shred finely one-half pound sweet almonds and mix them with one-half pound powdered vanilla chocolate, and work into this the stiffly whipped whites of three or four eggs; shape them into little round cakes on a buttered tin set a blanched and halved almond or pistachio on each, and bake in a moderate oven.

Tea.—Work together one and one-half ounces of warmed butter, five ounces of sugar, and the yolks of three or four eggs; beat in half a small teaspoonful of cinnamon, the same of vanilla sugar, and five ounces or six ounces of fine flour, and work the paste up into little rolls the length and thickness of your finger; shape these into an S, and bake on a but-

tered tin in a steady oven till golden. They may, if liked, be lightly brushed over with beaten egg yolk, and dusted with sugar before they are put into the oven.

HOW TO USE CELERY.

Every Part of the Plant Can Be Put to Account.

This plant, which belongs to the parsley family, is in season from September until April, and should be in daily use on the family table. It is one of the best services known, is invaluable as a salad, and is of great importance in the kitchen, where it may be used in many ways, as a flavoring, as a vegetable in soup, or as a salad. Every part of a bunch of celery is available in some department of cooking.

Cream Soup.—A delicious cream soup may be made by mixing one quart of chicken jelly with one quart of rich cream, after both have come to the boil in separate saucepans. Put the jelly to boil and in it put three or four stalks of celery or an equal number of the coarser stalks. Remove after it has boiled for half an hour and mash through a colander, returning to the stock. When the cream has come to the boil, mix into it two even teaspoonfuls of butter until well creamed, then stir it into the cream until it is well thickened, and pour the mixture into a hot tureen, and serve with croutons, which give a flavor that can be imparted in any other way, and seems especially necessary to celery soup.

Walnut Sauce.—Walnut sauce is made by using equal parts of celery and rice cut from crisp, spiky apples, covered with a very heavy mayonnaise dressing that will thoroughly mask the celery and apples. This should be served with croutons, and cheese, as a separate course at a dinner.

HOW DO YOU WALK?

No two people walk exactly alike and the student of character finds much to interest him in the way people walk in the street. Regularity they may have of feature. Quick step, a gait, a stride, either long or short, suggest a gentle or contemplative turn of mind.

Turn of mind, generally characterizing the absent-minded, a stoop the studious and deeply reflective, whose thoughts are anywhere rather than with themselves.

Obstinacy is indicated by the slow, heavy and flat-footed way of walking, while misdirected may be suggested by short, nervous and anxious footsteps.

Sly, cunning people walk with a noticeable, even and steady tread, resembling that of a cat. A proud person generally takes even steps, holds the figure upright and the head a little back and turns the feet well out.

A gay and volatile person tips lightly and easily, in sympathy with his or her nature. Character is shown by all sorts of oddities in gait, but for grace and elegance no woman's walk can compare with that of the man who has received military training.

A Toilet Toilet.

A very chic toilette is made of rather dark brown, broadcloth, with the skirt cut in the latest style, so that it fits snugly at the top and flares gracefully at the foot. It is hung separate from the lining, and is gathered with two laces—so small that the skirt is not seen when the dress is put on. The skirt is made of a comparatively easy task, finds herself left about one inch apart. If you are an ever unfortunate enough to know her, you will be assailed by complaints such as these:

"My days are all alike. I am kept hard at it from morning till night. I never have time to do anything I want to do. Vain! I never say vain. Read? Well, I should think the millennium was at hand if I had time for books. No, it is not. I am out of my mind. I have not a moment of life. I have about all I can do to keep up with my work. It is unfair, that's what it is, downright unfair."

You listen, you pity and then if you know anything of the great load of daily training in a young girl, you will be glad to see a woman could have had—Dorothy Maddox, in Philadelphia Inquirer.

ABE HOPE'S WATERMELON.

The Biggest Ever Grown, But It Didn't Get the Prize.

Helena, Dec. 16.—In the truck patch, on the north side of the old squatter's cabin, was a watermelon so near the size of a flour barrel that it gaped at the sight of it, and after it had walked around it three or four times, I asked Abe Hope if that was the biggest melon he ever raised.

"That no account tittle out that?" he exclaimed in tones of contempt as he glanced toward the patch. "Why, sah, that's one that wasn't worth tattle away to sell to the steamboat men! Any of 'em could folks around here would never be so hard up to steal that melon. Sho! Sho! Sho!"

"Then you have raised larger ones?" I persisted.

"Stranger," said Abe, as he picked at a slice in the side of the melon, "I'm going to tell you 'bout the whoppest melon ever raised, and the old woman and all the folks around here will back me up in it. I might 'bout wildcat or cat-fish, but a man would be to be low-downed if he 'bout melons. 'Bout 'r's, Abe Kurnel Bunker am about yere one day and so to me."

"Abe Hope, folks down here tell me that 'o' the latest melon in all Arkansas, and I'm feelin' 'bout it."

"What be the size of 'em workin' when you don't 'bout 'em?"

"But every critter order be an ambishun," he said as he takes off his hat to the old woman standin' in the doah.

THE DAUGHTER
WHO DAWDLESA Type of Girl Who Makes a
Failure of Life.

Her Mother Must Enforce a Methodical Execution of Daily Duties.

It is the morning dawdle that puts back a housekeeper for an entire day. I know so many women who are everlastingly rushed. They have no time for mind cultivation. No time for physical rest. They are spending their days on the ragged edge of despair, and their nights are given over to insomnia.

Prompt action until the day's duties are straightened would save so much worry. The night resolves seem to divide before habit. Habit is an arch destroyer of a blessed promoter of our daily life. "When I think," complains a busy woman, "how much of work or work was right in mother's hands to be done upon me I can't help feeling at times very fretted over my early training. We girls were allowed to suit our home duties to our own time and inclinations."

As a result, we used to dust in the morning, or sweep or make beds with spaces between for dressing. How it comes back to me, my way of making a bed. I would, after that, sit up in a hurry or lazily accommodate myself to the off-side calls. I used, for instance, to keep an interesting novel lying around and when I thought I had worked as long as I ought I would pick up my novel, or lazily accommodate myself to the off-side calls. I used, for instance, to keep an interesting novel lying around and when I thought I had worked as long as I ought I would pick up my novel, or lazily accommodate myself to the off-side calls.

In other words, I pattered through with any tasks mother ever gave me to do. I tried to sew up a seam, and two-thirds of the time was spent gawking out of the window. Such training! And haven't I had to suffer for it? Sometimes I think that there isn't a woman I know who cannot accomplish more than I can and who cannot hurry. I am always hoping to catch up with my work, and I never succeed."

One reason for motherly neglect in training daughters to methodical execution of their daily duties is a (1) due to our young minds down to a routine in which there is a practical abandonment of the spirit of novelty. They were perhaps in their own youth sufferers because of a tie-down to tasks that they found to be dull, and remembering the suffering they are determined to be most considerate of their girls.

We have no more subtle poison than that which springs from the evil "procrastination habit," which is the enemy of the cure must be begun early in life. It is a conquering inclination to dawdle. Mothers shrewd enough to be able to put some poetry into each day's prose will have less trouble than if only the drum side of each day's duties is insisted upon.

Let the girls believe that quick action through rooms well ventilated will bring them beauty; let them understand that a morning's conscientious labor will fit them for an afternoon of unqualified pleasure; let them believe that satisfactory results of enjoyment for life's sweet moments, instead that they stop dreaming and are everlastingly here and there, fully take hold of what is to be done, and that stated duties performed at stated times are regular panacea for sin.

Daughters are severely handicapped by indolence, which is a deadly enemy. Some thanks does mother receive later in life when her girl, indulged in shiftlessness at a time when character molding was a comparatively easy task, finds herself left about one inch apart. If you are an ever unfortunate enough to know her, you will be assailed by complaints such as these:

BUTTERFLIES AND BOWS.

Either a butterfly or a Louis Quinze bow—take your choice, my dear madame—as a hair ornament for evening wear, if you would be strictly up-to-date in the world of well-dressed women. So decorates Dame Fashion, always arbitrary and usually successful in having her own way.

These butterflies are small, large and medium size, and come in every color. They are as daintily tinted as the hues of the real butterfly wings, and quiver in the most life-like manner on their invisible spirals of silver wire. Sometimes they are made of a material as soft and pliable as the high style of hairdressing now in vogue for evening wear, and two or three smaller ones will nestle here and there among the fluffy waves of the sides and back of the head.

Holding its own with the butterfly fad is the Louis Quinze bow-knot. These bows are sometimes in the style of true bows, of crinkled ribbon on a fine ribbon base. They are in all the delicate evening shades, and are generally topped with a mass of marabout tips or a bunch of feathers.

ONE WINTER GIRLS WHIMS.

Facile-made shoes leave no excuse for women to suffer with their feet. The walking shoe for this winter has a thick sole, a low, broad heel, and a round toe.

Gloves, as well as shoes, are worn much longer than formerly. The well, since the weather has begun to be quite nipping. Nothing is colder than a tight glove.

Every woman who returns from Europe wears bangles on her arms, and lots of them. They are uncomfortable things, because women always insist upon wearing them, sleeping or waking. This is a fact that will affect mankind as well as womanhood, for a bangle is considered to be utterly useless unless it is the gift of a man.

Spiders, grasshoppers and all sorts of winged insects and grating bugs are the popular designs in jeweled pins.

3 Leading Makes of
Upright Pianos

\$297.50.

From today until Christmas we offer three leading makes of magnificent Upright Pianos in—
San Domingo Mahogany,
American Walnut,
Quartered Oak,
Six years' guarantee. Beautiful cover, stool and instruction book free.

E. F. DROOP & SONS,
925 Pa. Ave.

S. Kann, Sons & Co.,
8th and Market Spaces.

\$20, \$18, \$15 and \$12.50

Ladies' Fine Jackets,

In every conceivable make, style and color,

At \$8.88

We meet you more than half way in order that you may wear A Handsome Wrap for Christmas at half price, whether it's bought for you as a gift or purchased with your own money. It's a sacrifice that would be made later on if the stock remained as large as it shows now. We feel confident that the ladies of Washington have been looking for a chance like this, and trust they will grasp this grand opportunity at once—every size in this vast assortment.

HEAVIER and finer Silver "Novelties" in larger variety and lower prices than you'll find at the Department stores. Our name on the box is a guarantee of the quality.

R. HARRIS & CO., Cor. 7th and D Sts.

3 98c Snaps!

\$2 Skirts for 98c.

One lot of colored and black Brilliant Skirts with lined and full sweep; \$2 value, for 98c.

Lot of handsome Elderdown Children's Coats, with Angora fringe; \$2 value, for 98c.

Lot of \$2.50 heavy Cloth Capes, nicely trimmed with lamb, worth \$2.50, for 98c.

Eisenmann's

806 7th St., bet. H and I.
1924-1926 Pa. Ave.

Are You Worried?

Is your money giving out—and live of presents yet to buy?—can help you out! Because you can select any piece of furniture in this big store—and pay for it—little by little—weekly or monthly. You are perfectly welcome to

GET THE REST OF THE PRESENTS HERE ON CREDIT.

A beautiful piece of Furniture is a welcome gift in any home. Take your choice among

Onyx-Top Tables, Parlor and Banquet Lamps, Dressing Tables, Fancy Rockers, Writing Desks, Reception Chairs, China Closets, Sideboards—

and a thousand other gift articles—all on CREDIT. Carpets made, laid and lined free—no charge for waste in matching figures.

GROGAN'S
Mammoth Credit House,
817-819-821-823 7th St.
Between H and I.

Ladies' Solid 14-k. Gold Watches

—Full jeweled, plain enameled and engraved cases, 225 up. For Men in heavy cases, latest styles, as low as \$35. All warranted perfect timekeepers.

GALT & BRO.,
Jewelry, Silverware and Stationery,
1107 Penn. Avenue.

IMMENSE BARGAINS This Week at KING'S PALACE,
812-814 7th St. 710 Market Space.
808-810

IF MOZART HAD A PIANO such as we sell, there is no telling what he might have given to the music world. A piano or organ will put life and sunshine into the gloomiest room. Let us explain how easy it is to own a piano—a good piano. Our Xmas presents include everything from a small whistle to a church organ. A fulling of SPLENDID SQUARE ORGANS and second-hand organs—very cheap. Open evenings.

SANDERS & STAYMAN,
1327 7 St.
Perry S. Foster, Manager,
Baltimore Store, 13 N. Charles St. oct-31



TICKLED

Because we extract and fill teeth with gold and porcelain, we are called "ticklers" by our patients. We use the latest and best methods, and our work is done in the most perfect and satisfactory manner. We do it in this office.

We can make you a beautiful set of teeth for only \$5.00. All the benefits of Gold Plates, \$10.00. Teeth extracted absolutely without pain by our new method. \$5.00. To demonstrate this fact, we will, until January 1, 1898, extract teeth FREE. Friends of the family are invited to attend. (Manchester, N. H., papers please copy.)

Washington Dental Parlors,
N. E. Cor. 7th and E Sts. N. W.
May Building, over A. & P. Tea Store.
Office hours—8 a. m. to 6 p. m.; Sun. day, 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.
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UNDERSTAKERS.

J. WILLIAM LEE, UNDERTAKER,
932 Pa. Ave. N. W.
First-class service. 'Phone, 1885.

DIED.

CARPENTER—Died December 19, 1897, NORMAN, beloved son of Charles A. and Miriam L. Carpenter, aged seven years and four months.

Funeral from residence, 1803 Fourth street northwest, Tuesday, at 2 o'clock p. m. Friends of the family are invited to attend. (Manchester, N. H., papers please copy.)

CUNNINGHAM—On Sunday, December 19, 1897, at 2 p. m., CATHERINE K. CUNNINGHAM, aged seventy years.

Funeral will take place from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. William B. Rock, No. 709 11th street northeast, on Tuesday, at 2 p. m. Friends and relatives respectfully invited.

CATON—At her home, Suttland Park, Prince George's county, Md., on Saturday, December 19, 1897, at 1:15 p. m., SARAH F. CATON, aged twenty-four years.

Funeral services will be preached and interment made at St. Barnaby's Church at 2 p. m. Tuesday, December 21, 1897. Relatives and friends are respectfully invited.

A Degenerate Monkey.
(From the New York Press.)

In the Pathological Institute of the New York State Hospital, a monkey is fast drinking himself to death. He is a willing martyr to science, the object being to determine the poisonous qualities of alcohol. Meantime the simian is having a glorious time of it, and is said to be rapidly approaching the B. T. stage. When drunk he is as human-like in his actions as men are monkeylike. When the animal reaches the state called "seeing things" what a wonderful story could be written of what he sees if it could be translated.